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# THE YOUTH'S REALM

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## A LITTLE GIRL'S TEAM OF GREYHOUNDS



Orpha Kurtz, the eleven-year-old daughter of Jacob Kurtz, who lives at York, Pa., is the proud owner of a novel team. Deuce and Dawn are fleet footed greyhounds that were broken to harness three years ago. They pace or trot at the will of the little driver, convey her to and from school and take her on shopping tours.

## In the Toils of

By THEODORE  
WATERS

## Circumstance

Copyright, 1903,  
By Theodore  
Waters

WHEN the windstorm blew over the horizon it left four men adrift in a catboat on the Atlantic ocean. Since midnight these men had struggled for their lives, and dawn found them wet and weak, without food and without an idea of their geographical position. Their sail had split to ribbons. They sat with their feet in the half filled cockpit, fighting the water inch by inch and yearning for the land whence they had come.

Two of the men wore the fatigue uniform of the United States private soldier. The other two were ragged with the wretchedness of the vagabond. All four looked disreputable. He who sat on the port quarter lifting water over the side in an old and leaky slouch hat had the strongest face of the quartet, though he seemed the most annoyed at the prospect.

"An' to think we would get pickled like this for a cursed tin soldier," he said wrathfully. "He knew we wasn't spies—Spanish spies at that. Do we look like Spaniards, hey, me an' you,

Andy? What if we was next the powder house? We didn't know it. Did he think we'd go monkeyin' wit' death like that if we'd knew it, hey?"

"Ah, break away, Choky, an' mind yer hat," growled the other ragged one sententiously. The seemingly hopeless effort to lower the water made him ill humored.

"What were you doin' there anyhow?" asked one of the soldiers curiously.

"We was a-doin' the Jersey summer resorts from Cape May up," answered Choky, with a fierce grin. "We was a-walkin' along Sandy Hook an' got on to gov'ment ground without knowin' it. An' there we was a-smokin' our pipes an' us sittin' up ag'in that little red house an' a ton of dynamite behind us. Then they goes an' says we're Spanish spies. E'jee, if I had that feller that took us in—if I had 'im here in this boat an' his little ticklin' gun baynit wit' 'im, I'd—I'd—"

"Yes! You'd, you'd—what?" somewhat derisively inquired the one named Andy.

"Well, I'd give 'im the he-cups!" replied Choky after a collapse of explosive utterance.

"It is all very well for you fellows," said the other soldier. "If we do get ashore, you can prove you are only tramps. But with us it's different. I've been thinking it out overnight. It would have been better, Morley, for you and me to go to Fort Leavenworth and work out the sentence they gave us. We didn't do very much after all. But breaking the jail and coming away make it desertion. It's desertion; that's what it is. And now this Spanish war is on it may come to them condemning us to be shot. Oh, I wish we'd never left the jug, and if you hadn't come along persuading us that"—

"Now, look a-here, young feller," interrupted Choky. "When we saw the chance to break them bars an' cut loose, who was it begged to go 'long? An' then, when he finds this boat on the beach, who tells us to get in it an' sail round to N'York? Why, you, you chicken livered ration stealer! 'Twasn't our fault if the storm blew us out, near over to Spain maybe. An' you a-tellin' us you could sail a boat!"

There was more than disdain in Choky Reardon's voice. After a silence Andy, who in hobo circles was known as "the Buckeye," said:

"I suppose maybe we'll get picked up?"

"Maybe," answered Reardon, "but let's get out the oars an' row away from the sun. We'd ought to hit the United States somewhere. You, Morley an' Archer"—he motioned to the privates—"you two bail. Andy an' me 'll row a bit."

After an hour at the oar the Buckeye got up and straddled the cockpit, one hand pressed hard into the small of his back, the other resting on the edge of the cabin trunk to steady him while he remarked that he had had enough of that for one day. He was peering toward the west when he said it. Suddenly, as the boat slipped down into a hollow, he uttered a startled curse. Then when she came up again he cried:

"Say, there's a steamer! Right under her nose we was an' never knew it!" They all got up and looked. Sure enough, it was a steamer, two miles away. A pale thread of smoke rose from her funnel, but she was not moving on her course.

"She sees us!" exclaimed Reardon. "We'll be picked up, all right, all right." He waved his wet hat and yelled. They worked hilariously at the oars to hold their craft steady until a rescuing boat should make its appearance. The steamer drifted down toward them, but when fifteen minutes had passed and no boat came away some one suggested that, after all, perhaps they had not been sighted.

Then the Buckeye, who had been gazing intently at the drifting ship, cried:

"Why, I can't see a soul aboard. Give another yell. All together now!"

"Maybe it's a fever ship and all hands have died off," finally volunteered Private Morley, who had imagination.

"Fever nothin'!" exclaimed Choky. "An' her wit' her steam up! Fever nothin'! I run a freight hauler once on the Dope, an' I've passed coal, too, on a gulf boat. Fever nothin'! They're all below, an' they don't want us. Let's row around to the other side."

They got down to the oars again and painfully worked the catboat around the bow of the steamer.

As they passed her forefoot they looked up and saw her name, Lotus, gilded on the bow. When they swung to the starboard side—she pointed south—they saw a flight of landing stairs reaching from a port aft of her waist, a plain invitation to boarders.

"Well, this beats me!" exclaimed Reardon. "Once I went in to sleep in a country choky what I found the door of wide open. Seemed the constable 'd lost his keys, but he found them sudden-like durin' the night, an' he comes round an' locked me in. But this beats it. Look out now. Don't let her bump



They heard a very distinct and peculiar rap, rap, rap, on the door.



or we'll get spilled out. That's right, soldier. Hold her off wit' the oar till I get up. Now!"

The wash sucked them to the steamer's side, and the ladder almost succeeded in stamping its foot on the gunwale of the catboat. One by one they caught the steps and hauled themselves up the side more by their arms than by their legs, for they were cramped from their long vigil in the boat.

No one met them on deck, and they stood in a group awed by the stillness and the vastness of the ship. The very neatness of things held them in check, they were so grimy in comparison. They peered through the covered alleyway which extended past the engine room in the waist. This passage was lined with stateroom doors, but no one stood in it, and the forward deck was deserted. Finally Reardon, less impressionable than the others, grunted and started forward, to be halted by a peculiar crunching sound which made them look askance at one another. But, after all, it was only the landing ladder, which had succeeded finally in stepping down through the bilge of the catboat. Private Morley looked over the side.

"Oh!" he cried. "She's smashed to pieces, an' she's sinking!"

"Then we belong here, sure enough," replied Reardon, turning and walking aft. "You go forward, Andy, an' see if you can find anybody!"

Morley and Archer followed the Buckeye into the waist. Reardon entered the cabin and explored systematically. He entered one room after another, but saw little to interest him. On the lookout for men, he was careless of mere fittings, and he was too cautious to rummage until he was sure of his ground. One thing he did not leave untouched. That was the rack of bottles on the saloon buffet. He drank to himself in a pier glass and followed the others forward. In the engine room he looked down from the iron bridge over the cylinder heads, but saw no one below.

"Hump!" he muttered. "Looks enough like the old Santa Cruz to be her. You'd almost think you could hear Barney Sullivan cursin' the ash cats in the fire room beyond, blast him!"

The voyage on which he had shoveled coal in a gulf steamer was still a bitter memory. He opened the bulkhead door and stepped down into the fire room. No one was there, and the fires, eight of them, were banked and slightly incrustated with dampened ashes. He turned around slowly in front of an open door once or twice, and the warmth did him good. But a desire to know what his comrades were doing led him up to the deck again. He found them in the steward's pantry, which opened from the galley, and they were wading into the canned goods in a manner that would have broken the steward's heart had he known of it. He joined the raiders.

No one had been found in the forward part of the ship, although the Buckeye and the privates had searched it well. In fact, it seemed evident that they were the only human beings on board.

It was while they were discussing these questions that they heard a very distinct and peculiar rap, rap, rap, on the door of a small pantry used by the scullion for the storage of pots and pans, a noise which produced among them a tableau of grotesque attitudes. Choky recovered first and called hoarsely, "Who's there?" Then, as no answer was returned, he walked to the door and threw it wide open. On the threshold crouched a pale faced boy, who at sight of them retreated into the obscurity of the closet.

There was a short silence, then a sud-

den movement of the pots and pans, after which the boy walked forth and gazed fearfully from one to the other. He was probably sixteen years old, and his features, like his clothes, were not of American cut.

"Pardonnez, moi, messieurs," he said. "Je cherche mon cousin."

"Now, there you are, gentlemen," said Reardon derisively to the others. "There it is in a few simple jaw breakers. French, I guess."

Now, Morley had once been stationed on the Canadian frontier, and he had picked up enough patois to enable him to get at the boy's story.

"Look here," he said. "He isn't one of the crew. He is a stowaway. His cousin is a cook's helper. The crew must have gone off and left him."

"Ask him where the boat came from an' how about it."

Morley started a limited dialogue with the boy, in the course of which he learned the vessel had cleared from Antwerp for Havana. She had come over to her present position in 110 days, and she had been there since the night before, although the crew must have left early that morning, for the boy (his name was Jean Loyeux) had spoken to his cousin only an hour ago. It was very odd. There had been some noise, then silence, and now these strange men were there. He wished to know what it was all about and particularly where was his cousin.

A sudden thought came to Reardon, and he went on deck. Procuring a wrench from the engine room, he went to a hatchway and loosened the screws on the combing. He raised a couple of hatch sections and looked into the hold. Packing cases long and narrow formed the top layer of the cargo, level with the deck girders. He peered at a name burned into the wood of one case. It was that of a European arms company, and farther along he saw other words pregnant with a certain meaning. He stood up with a jerk, for the possibility that suggested itself appalled him.

"Andy! Andy!" he yelled, running to where the others were yet raiding the larder. "B'jee, do you know what this ship is? She's a regular floatin' arsenal; that's what she is!"

"How do you make it?" placidly asked the Buckeye. Sudden heavy meals made him sadden.

"How? Look at her freight. She's loaded wit' machine guns under her forward hatch, an', b'jee, she may have dynamite in the other hold."

"What?" said Andy. "Are we up ag'in dynamite ag'in? That reminds me." And he fished from his pocket a dirty clay pipe.

But Reardon fell on him and snatched it away.

"Don't you see? Don't you see?" he almost screamed. "Here we are, floatin' round on a big ship, full of powder an' guns, an' the Americans an' Spaniards huntin' each other all over the face of the earth. B'jee, there may be one of them after us now!" And he rushed out on deck again to see.

Now, it so happened that some five miles away to the north of the Lotus, where the morning haze had not thoroughly cleared, there rode a dim, gray vessel whose commander and crew had sworn allegiance to the government. She had been there since daylight, for her commander carried certain orders, and the eyes of her officers were on the freighter. But the men on the Lotus had not noticed her, so engrossed were they with their personal comforts. The sight of her now sent chilling paralysis into the spine of Mr. Choky Reardon, who, when he could get back his voice, shrieked the name of his Maker in a shrill treble and called on his fellows to look. In the panic that ensued many things were said. Some of them were blasphemous; most of them were total-

ly irrelevant. The two deserters were particularly distracted. Private Archer ran about the deck and cried a little. Private Morley tugged vainly at a fourteen foot steel lifeboat and cursed the day he entered the service. Andy, the Buckeye, said things about both of them which might have led a stranger to the facts to believe that they alone were to blame for the affair, while Choky Reardon grouped them all, himself included, into a composite anathema upon the culmination of which he choked impotently. When he recovered coherence, it was to give speech to an idea.

"B'jee-jee-jee!" he spluttered. "B'jee! We'll run away! That's what we'll do! We'll run away!" Then, as the others stared at him wonderingly: "What's to stop us? There's steam half up! Hey? Why not? Hey?"

"Why, Choky," cried the Buckeye in amazement, "are you nutty? How can we work a big ship like this, man?"

"Sure we can. Don't I know? We've got to. It's that or swing. They'll prove us spies now, sure. I tell you, I run a locomotive over the Dope road once till I got trun out for bein' too swift. An' I fired on the old Santa Cruz out of New Orleans, b'jee, an' I'll run this boat, too, or bust it. You fellers can fire, the dago can oil, an' 'tween us all we can keep her goin' somewhere. If that boat don't ketch us by night, she'll never do it after that, for we'll dodge 'er in the dark an' sneak."

He grabbed the French boy, who was standing near, and pushed him down the engine room steps, the others following. Into the fire room they went, Choky setting an example in activity that astonished them.

"See here!" he cried, grabbing a clinker hook and punctuating his words with vigorous actions. "Watch me! Get this crust off the other fires—see, this way—an' then spread yer coal like this. Look out there, dago. Do you want to get burnt? That's it. Now, then, coal up, all of you. Look you, soldier. You'll not need that blouse—no, nor the shirt either. Take them off an' hurry. Quicker! Quicker! Quicker! B'jee, if you had Barney Sullivan at yer back, you'd know what it is to coal in a rnsn. That's right. Andy, you bring it from the bunkers while the others fill in. Keep yer door shut, you over there! How do you expect to make steam an' yer heat all comin' out the front?" The pride of the trade was on him. "There, now, keep it up. I'm off to the machine. An' you soldier, you that knows so much about runnin' a boat, you come up when I call you. I'll want you on deck when we start. Come, boy."

He grabbed the boy again and dragged him up the steps to the engine room. Rushing to the oil tank, he caught up two hand oilers, thrust one into the bewildered young Frenchman's hand and with motions and gestures indicated that he must assist in the general greasing. He dabbed at every hole he could find, pointed continually to what he was doing and then drove the youth around to the other side and set him to work. The boy was apt and did as well as his teacher.

Reardon rushed into the fire room again, swore at Private Morley for stopping to wipe the sweat from his forehead, abjured Andy for the love of life not to slacken his gait, opened door after door to look for spots, cursed screamingly when he saw one, shoveled coal like a madman and ran back again to the engine room to scan the gauge, to curse the boy, to wipe the joints, to test the high pressure valves, to tighten rivets, to try the steam oiling apparatus, to do a thousand and one necessary—yes, and unnecessary—things in the space of five minutes. When the gauge reached the hundred

mark, he ran down and turned on the blowers and, calling to Private Archer to follow, ran up to the bridge, where he expounded all he knew of the steering gear, which was not much, and left Archer with ideas of gong signals which were decidedly at variance with the code.

Back in the engine room Reardon made the boy go down and carry coal to the feeders and then, after a few preliminary taps and tightenings, turned cautiously the wheel of the starting gear. She came over slowly, and at the first revolution he turned the main valve till he could feel the lurch of the high pressure cylinder as the column of vapor expanded in it. She got down to business splendidly, and he could tell by her voice that she was doing well. He listened to her awhile, and, finding everything all right so far as he knew, he went on deck to see how Archer was doing. The Lotus was racing like a liner and heading due south.

Five miles away in the north amazement was reigning on the war vessel. When smoke belched heavily from the funnel of the Lotus, a lieutenant who had been watching her since daybreak hurriedly told his commander the fact. It made the commander stare. He was in his cabin at the moment, perusing official documents. He picked up one of them and read it intently. Finally he said:

"That is curious. And are you sure no boats left her?"

"Not since the haze cleared. Besides, how could she steam away if the boats had gone?" replied the lieutenant. Then he added suggestively, "There is a schooner in the offing."

"Ah!" said the commander, relieved. "That doubtless is the reason. Well, we must keep her in sight."

And so when Choky Reardon a few minutes later looked anxiously astern and saw smoke trailing after the gray vessel he was sure in his mind that she was increasing her speed in the effort to catch them. This made him rush into the fire room with intimations that the work going forward there, far from being what it ought to be, would have to be increased in the ratio indicated when their present exertions were contrasted with complete idleness. He used his own form of expression, of course, and they understood him perfectly. His tirade of abusive encouragement, born in the cool air above, was totally eclipsed by the black blast of profanity that came like the breath of the furnace hole from below. It stopped his panic and made him think, for in his day he had helped to drag men from a similar black pit to the deck, where they might have a chance to recuperate in much cooler tropical sunlight. It might come to pass where the toilers below would prefer to be captured, for, as the Buckeye said thickly and ominously, "Hades couldn't be hotter!" Something must be done.

It was plain to Reardon that watches must be arranged and in such manner that the relieved man would have a chance between tricks to be menaced visibly by the Nemesis in the north. Again, trusting the engine to Providence, he (Reardon) must take a trick at the fires himself. He was sure this plan would act as a spur on the soldiers, but he was less sure of the Buckeye. He determined to relieve him first. They had then been firing an hour. Morley must be made to last another hour, and in order to impress on him more thoroughly the need of it he took him up to the deck and showed him

the pursuing fiend, enlarging greatly on what would happen if that lengthening trail of smoke were allowed to get nearer. Morley went back to work properly impressed. Andy was then allowed to come on deck, where he took the wheel from Archer, who went back



to the fires. Andy's knowledge of steering being limited, he was told to keep the wheel as it was until he saw any vessel ahead, when he was to report the fact down the tube at once. Then, after calling the boy up to the engine, which he was made to oil again, Reardon went into the fire room, where his experience was sadly needed.

During that terrible day it seemed to the men on the Lotus that the hours which marked the watches off and on were like successive heavens and hells in an eternity. When dusk came, the pursuing boat was not more than three miles away, and when darkness fell over them they saw the lights along the shore.

Then Reardon prepared to execute the remarkable maneuver which he called "a sneak in the dark." First he extinguished every light on deck. Then he closed all bulkhead doors and ports in the waist for fear a stray gleam might somehow get up from the fire room. Finally, after a last look at the engine, he went up and took the wheel himself.

He was about to turn the wheel hard over to starboard when he was shocked by a sudden something which came upon him like a blighting paralysis and stayed his hand. For a moment he could not comprehend it fully. Then he realized. The war vessel was using her search light, and it fell full, glaringly, vividly, convincingly, on the bridge of the Lotus. There was no escaping it. It was not to be shaken off. No cloud could overcast it. It wrote its warning in letters of fire all over the wall of events. It seemed like an accusing finger ready to follow him to the end of time, and it filled Mr. Reardon with wrath—wrath which gathered its force and insane purpose from the revulsion that followed the deeds of the day. Although he knew instinctively that the contention could not be granted within the law, somehow he felt that he had proved himself a man among men by the day's work. He who had been a worthless tramp, a very high priest of the unwashed, a constant and consistent sinner against the code—he who had been these things and, in spite of them, had shown such generalship, undergone such terrible exertion, displayed such intuitive thought—was he to be denied the fruit of it, his quiet freedom? No, no—not until they had paid for it a thousandfold! As he thought it out quickly his wrath blazed forth in words, and back along that narrow shaft of light he roared vengeance.

Lashing the wheel, he ran below and called his companions from the fire room in such tones that they came up to the deck wonderingly. They were startled at seeing the light bearing on them from a distant vessel, but they were yet more startled at Reardon's manner. Andy especially, to whom his comrade's actions during the day had been a revelation, was puzzled.

"What's the matter, Choky?" he cried. "What's the matter? What you goin' to do?"

"What's the matter? What's the matter? Don't you see, an' the blasted bullseye starin' you in the face? What am I goin' to do? Why, I'm goin' ashore over to them lights. See them? An' I'm goin' to take this bloody boat wit' me!"

"Goin' to take the boat wit' you? Why, Choky?" But Choky was off to the bridge, and by the time they had fully comprehended his meaning he had the wheel unlashd.

The Lotus while the wheel was lashed had turned her nose slightly away from the shore, but under the feel of the helm, which Reardon put over, she came around with a magnificent sweep and charged head down toward an electric light on shore three miles away.

"Let's do something!" cried Morley. "We'll all be drowned!"

But it was not theirs to do. She was charging blindly to the distant surf whitened edge of the water like an old plains bison to the edge of a canyon, and destruction awaited at the end of the run. Yet in her soul she seemed to know, and in her soul she revolted. All day the faithful engine had toiled for them under protest—underfed, uncared for, unwashed. All day from its heart it had pumped the blood of its great circulatory system through its veins, over and over, till it thinned and grew weak—till Reardon, looking fearfully at the diminishing tank, had sought to sustain life in the machine with hypodermic injections of the hand oilers. All day it had grown stiffer and stiffer in its joints till it groaned and shrieked like a rheumatic. And now, in the critical moment of its career, when the greatest things were expected of it, it had been left to feed upon itself. It fed to the last gasp of its vitality—and stopped. There was a hissing of steam, a labored grinding, a sudden cessation of the throb, and then the momentum of the boat was all that carried it forward.

Choky turned from the wheel as she lost way and roared to the others on the deck below:

"What's the matter? Who stopped her?"

"Nobody," replied Andy. "She done it herself, Choky. Guess she's broke down."

In the glare of the search light Reardon shook his fists and heaped curses on ships, engines, governments and all that in them are. The Lotus slid along to within a mile and a half of the shore and stopped. The other boat by this time was so near that they could see the forms of men passing the open ports, and the arm of the search light operator showed plainly.

"They've got us now!" cried Archer.

But Morley had his idea, too, and he ran in the face of orders to put it into practice.

"Look here," he said. "Can't we launch one of these boats and get ashore in it before they get to us?"

Even Choky, in spite of his recent frame of mind, was taken with it, and they worked at the davits with the fury of a last hope. The falls snarled, of course, but at last they were ready, and the four men climbed hurriedly in.

"What about the dago?" asked Archer.

"To the deuce with him!" replied the Buckeye.

They lowered cautiously, and when a big swell went shoreward from under the steamer they went with it. Taking their bearings from the range light on shore as their star, they headed the boat toward it and pulled away into the night.

"Boat going off from the Lotus," said the flag lieutenant to the commander of the war ship.

"Rather time for it, I should say," responded the commander. "Good chase that fellow led me. The instructions were positively Sandy Hook. Why he should run so far down the coast I cannot say. Well, I suppose it will be explained to the department. My instructions were to find a derelict or to capture a filibuster. Brownson, I think the derelict lies yonder. Take the launch over and see. If there is any contraband of war on board, we'll confiscate it in the name of the United States."

The launch, leading a flotilla of boats, was gone a long time, and when the lieutenant returned to the war vessel he had with him a French boy very much scared, who jabbered piteously in his native tongue. The lieutenant spoke French, so the boy clung to him as to a last friend. In the cabin of the gray vessel he told a tale that greatly

amazed his listeners, and it was put into official writing while the two steamers ran north. Later that night it was discussed in the wardroom by those who had heard it.

"It seems," said the senior lieutenant, somewhat ruefully, "that the crew of the Lotus must have left her off Sandy Hook, but how we missed them is more than I can tell. While we waited those tramps and soldiers got aboard. Then they saw us, and, being afraid of governmental institutions, they ran away with the boat."

"But," exclaimed a junior lieutenant, "just think of four men and a boy running a 2,000 ton steamer for thirteen hours! Great Williams, how they must have worked!"

"The really heartbreaking part of it, for the tramps at least," put in a line officer, "is that, though they worked themselves nearly to death, it might have brought them fortune had they had the sense to pick it up. They could have demanded salvage if they had merely stayed on board. They were within the three miles of shore limit when we caught them."

"How much would the salvage have



"Why, I'm goin' ashore over to them lights. See them?"

been worth to them?" asked the junior.

"Oh, roughly, I should say \$50,000—yes, \$75,000," responded the other.

"Heavens! Fate can be ironical when she tries hard."

"May I ask," inquired an ensign who should have known better, "how it happens that a well found, well laden steamer should be left derelict on the high seas where any one may happen along and pick her up?" In defense of his utter lack of professional discretion it must be said that there were others who were dying to ask that very question.

"If ever you get into the diplomatic service, young man, you may come to learn that for a neutral nation to sell contraband goods to a nation at war may cause grave international complications. But," he went on slowly and suggestively, "while the United States is at war with Spain, I do not see why she has not a perfect right to find a cargo of war material if some one—I'll not say who—is so careless as to leave it floating uncared for on the high seas."

There was silence for a little time, broken only by the measured tread of an orderly outside the door, and then one who had not yet spoken said, "From all I hear, that fellow the boy

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calls Jokay must be something of a man."

"Yes," responded the senior lieutenant, ending the conversation. "Yes. Given an incentive in life, that man might become famous."

But at that moment Choky Reardon was in a heaven of delight merely because the incentive to fame had been removed.

## A DESERT MAGICIAN

By Edmund Stuart Roche

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THE little party about Calkins' camp fire consisted of the Theosophist, a dried up little man with pinched features and a waxy complexion, the old lady with the black mitts and myself. The Theosophist had been discoursing of occult matters in general, as was usual with him when a patient audience was available, and had but just concluded a little dissertation on the nature of elementals, "those strange, almost unknown, creatures of the astral light," as he expressed it.

Calkins had been listening with the deepest interest and remarked confidentially to the old lady with the black mitts, "The less you an' me, ma'am, an' these here gen'lemen or any one has to do with them there slippery bein's the better for 'em!"

"You don't really mean to say, Mr. Calkins, that you have personally had any knowledge of those marvelous beings of whom my brother has just spoken!" exclaimed the old lady, pausing in her knitting, with open mouthed astonishment.

"P'raps not, ma'am. Maybe I've mistook the kind of bein's the gen'leman was referrin' to. P'raps I'm all wrong," responded Calkins. I'll give you the story of my sing'lar meetin' with 'em, an' then you can judge about the whole thing for yourself, ma'am!

"Ten years ago come July I was workin' in off the desert from a prospectin' trip south an' east of the Carga Muchacha country, where I'd been stumpin' about chippin' rock all the spring without strikin' anything that 'd anyways do to tie to. My provisions had about give out. It was growin' too hot to work, an' the water was gettin' low in the tanks, so I'd give it up for that year an' was comin' in to potter round about a little dry ranch I owned near the Duarte. I was travelin' by peaks an' a little pocket compass, by night mostly, on account of the heat, an' the country I was goin' through was new to me. I'd been five days makin' seventy mile an' had that many more to get over before ever I'd strike 'French Joe's,' the nearest place where there was any white man reg'larly livin', so far as I then knew. This was why I was kind of surprised when we was windin' up the sixth night's travelin', it bein' just before sunup, to see smoke risin' from a little granite butte about a mile ahead an' a figure movin' round a camp fire. When I was a few hundred yards away, the tall, thin man by the fire looked up for the first time, an', seein' me comin', he hailed me, an' the sound of his voice brought it right

back to me who he was. I'd met him some years before down about Tucson, where he'd set himself up for a bad man an' went by the name of 'Dutch Pete.'

"He was as ugly to look at as ever I seen a man. He had small black eyes close together, a thin, waxy, big boned face an' thick, straight black hair just grizzlin'. He'd had considerable schoolin', so 'twas generally reported, havin' been somethin' like a doctor in his own country, an' he could speak a dozen languages like he was born to 'em, an' when he was in camp he was always experimentin' with herbs an' min'rals, boilin' an' mixin' an' monkeyin' with 'em generally, so folks said. He looked at me without speakin' at first when once I'd got up to the fire, but he didn't no ways seem to recollect meetin' me before, an' I didn't let on that I'd ever seen him. Then, when he'd looked me over, he was no end obligin' an' told me where to get water for my burros from a big tank just by camp an' suggested I'd better settle down with him for a day or two an' rest up an' look over on the next butte, about a mile away. There was plenty of dry cohete grass all about camp, an', havin' a long ways yet to go, I concluded to fall in with his idea an' stop awhile before tacklin' the rest of my trip.

"That same mornin' I went over with him to the other butte to look at his claims, an' they all showed up very promisin', bein' every ways the best prospects I'd seen in some years, an' when, in the evenin', after we'd got back to camp, he proposed my holdin' on where I was an' workin' in with him for grub an' a third interest in ev-



"Then came a sound like a swishin' of great wings."

erything after I'd put in a year's time it ended by my comin' to the terms he proposed. I didn't much care for such a partner as Pete, but the idea of gettin' the interest in them claims stood off all such like objections, an' I started in to work next day braced up an' cheerful at the prospect ahead of me.

"Pete was a sullen, notional kind of a man, an' his goin's on was generally so altogether out of the common that I'd begun to put him up as bein' just a little gone, an' while the idea didn't make me no ways comfortable when we was together, it brought me somehow to make allowances, as you might say, for some of his sing'lar behavior. Sometimes after supper he'd set for hours, not replyin' to things I'd ask him, but talkin' in a low mutter to himself, lookin' off over the desert like

ne was gazin' at somethin' miles an' miles away. Then gen'rally, about the full of the moon, he'd cook up messes of desert herbs an' bottle up the juices from 'em, an' when I'd inquire what he was tryin' to get at he'd just give a low chuckle way down in his throat an' stare at me without sayin' nothin', and that was all I'd ever get out of him. He had a dirty lookin' old book, bound in spotted, black leather, with curious lookin' writin' on the yaller pages, like I'd never seen before, that he set a heap by. He'd get this old book out an' read it by the fire of an evenin' for an hour at a time, an' then he'd take a stick an' draw queer figures on the sand, triangles, circles an' such like, lookin' at the book now an' then, like he was follerin' some partic'lar directions, an' mumblin' to himself in a sort of singsong way all the time.

"One mornin' when I was startin' out for the shaft Pete made excuse about him not feelin' up to work, sayin' he'd slept bad an' I'd have to run things by myself at the claim that day an' he'd hold on at the camp an' rest up. I stayed on at the work later'n common, an' it was after sundown before ever I started on back. The moon was full an' shinin' bright in a clear sky, an' it was deathly still all about, except for the sound of me shufflin' on through the sand. I could see a fire at camp an' Pete movin' round an' bendin' over now an' then, an' I put it up as he was hurryin' round gettin' the bacon an' coffee ready. But when I'd climbed up the little slope to camp I seen right away I'd mistook what was occupyin' him an' that he hadn't struck a lick toward gettin' supper, but was just boilin' weeds an' things in the big kettle over the fire, lookin' wild eyed an' mutterin' to himself like he always did when he had one of them spells on. His black book was layin' open on a flat rock by the fire, an' every now an' then he'd look at it an' then drop a pinch of somethin' into the kettle. He was so took up with his work that he didn't seem to know that I'd got back to camp an' didn't make no answer when I asked what was up. Seein' how he was occupied, I reckoned I'd best not disturb him an' so lighted a fire for myself a little ways off from where he was doin' his fool boilin' an' experimentin'. I was turnin' away to fetch the coffeepot an' fryin' pan when Pete screeched out: 'I've got it! Mein Gott, I've got it!' He was dancin' round the fire like a wild man, wavin' his arms in the air, snappin' his fingers an' all the time half singin' to himself.

"I felt that somethin' startlin' was comin' off just then an' there. The stuff in the kettle was hiss'n an' snappin' an' sendin' up silvery sparkles, an' a thin blue column like mist rose up from the top, wavin' into the air an' growin' all the time higher an' bigger an' kind of takin' form as it rose. Then came a sound like a swishin' of great wings through the air all about us, an' you could feel the cold draft they made as the invisible bein's they belonged to swung round the fire. Then all of a sudden it grew ice cold, though I stood there close to the blaze, an', bein' naturally rattled by such goin's on, I just toppled over like.

"What happened next, of course, I don't know, but I must have been as good as stone dead all that night, for the sun was well up when I looked about an' found myself layin' on my blankets, with Pete potterin' round the fire fryin' bacon. He was powerful cheerful an' gayer'n ever I'd seen him, but when I got up an' went over to where he was cookin' he just looked up with a grin an' made no kind of allusion to what had gone on night before. After breakfast he surprised me considerable by sayin' that, bein' as I looked kind of done up, I'd best stay



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where I was an' hold down the camp an' he'd go on up to the shaft by himself. Then he went off hummin' a tune. Just before sundown he showed up again way out on the flat, comin' in from the claim, an' I seen he was travelin' slow, with some heavy weight in the ore sack slung over his shoulder. When he got his wind after climbin' up the steep slope to camp, he told me to fetch out the canvas layin' under my beddin' an' he'd show me somethin' worth seein'. When I'd laid it out near the fire, he emptied the ore sack on to it an' laughed when he seen my eyes widen out. There was at least two dozen clean gold nuggets of all shapes an' sizes, from as big as a plum to the size of my fist. I was that took aback at this showin' that I just couldn't speak for a minute. Then at last says I, 'Where did them come from?' An' he says, still laughin', 'Them come from the claims.' 'Whose claims?' then says I. 'Whose but my own?' replies he, kind of short like, and then I quit askin' questions an' got right away down to thinkin' what a third of them nuggets an' the claims they come from was worth, that bein' the share I was to have under our contract, as you'll recollect, ma'am.

"Ever since the night I'd been knocked out Pete had gone off on a new lead altogether. He'd quit camp first thing after sunup an' would never allow of me goin' with him up to the claims, givin' out some fool reason or other for wantin' to go up alone. This had gone on for three days' runnin', each night Pete comin' back like he had the first time, with a sack full of nuggets, an' naturally I began gettin' riled at bein' laid on the shelf that way, an' my curiosity got to workin'. I more'n half suspected that Pete's big luck was some ways related to them queer doin's on that night by the fire. Then I made up my mind that I wa'n't goin' to get wiser by just mopin' round camp an' concluded to rustle about on the quiet an' inquire into things. So next mornin', Pete havin' gone off, as usual, I hung round a couple of hours after doin' my chores an' then filled my canteen an', takin' along a snack for my noonin', started out on the trail to the claim.

"The sand was hot an' the air stiffin', an' I had an uncomfortable feelin' somehow that I was out on a dangerous errand an' that I'd be up to my neck in trouble before ever I'd make the round trip. I'd shuffled along through the sand not more'n quarter way to the butte when on a sudden I heard what seemed like a hurricane blowin' high up in the air; but, though I looked up in the sky, I couldn't see nothin' to account for the sound, an' I just stopped short where I was, wonderin'. Then, off towards the butte which I was headin' for, I could see at first tens an' then right ways hundreds of little wavin' columns of sand, each one in a whirl, growin' all the time higher an' higher an' bigger an' reelin' on towards me. Then the sand whirls, which first along just jostled each other, all joined together an' came sweepin' on in a swayin' wall like waves on a beach. Blasts of hot, witherin' wind parched the air, an' deep clouds of dust spread over the sky like a curtain an' blurred out the sun. Then it grew dusk, an' close all round me I could hear the same sound of flappin' an' rustlin' I had heard that night by the fire, an' low chucklin' sounds like lunatics laughin', an' strange blammerin' voices, an' mixed in with them all the shrill sound of Pete's, like he was there flyin' round in the air with them other invis'ble jays an' enjoyin' the circus.

"All this had come on in less time than it takes me to tell it. An' talk about stampedin' an' panics! I was that panic struck an' scared clean through an' through that I just tore

back to camp like h—I was let loose behind me, askin' your pardon, ma'am, for that manner of speakin'. My burros was there, standin' close side by side, with their noses together, an' tremblin'. Half blind with the sand an' my heart bumpin' hard, my breath about gone an' my head in a whirl, I had just one clean cut idea left, which was that the sooner I got out of that there part of the country, away from Pete an' his invis'ble pards with the wings, the safer I'd be. I felt, as you might say, out of my el'ment somehow with such like surroundin's. I bridled a burro, threw on an' cinched up my saddle in less'n a minute, snatched up a canteen an' was off with a short pitchin' lope, not much knowin' or carin' which way I was travelin'. The wind an' the sand an' the gen'ral whoop up I've spoke of followed me up for a little time, but died out at last when I'd got clean away, an' the sun showed up bright once again in a clear cloudless sky. I had a rough time get-



He emptied the ore sack.

tin' in, but worked on to 'French Joe's' an' after restin' there for a day went on in by slow stages.

"I consulted my lawyer, Colonel McVey, as to what my rights was under my contract with Pete an' give him the best way I could, the queer facts in the case, but he wouldn't take no pay for consultin' an' wouldn't give me no advice, except—which riled me considerable, him not bein' asked concern in' my health an' bein' no doctor—for me to go home an' rest up for a month an' keep out of the sun.

"I've never seen 'Dutch Pete' again, but I heard of him in less'n a year as rollin' in coin an' gamblin' an' breakin' all the games wherever he traveled. Then next I was told he'd been killed down in Texas.

"Now, I leave you to judge, ma'am," concluded Calkins solemnly, "whether I wasn't right in suggestin' that I'd run against some of them mysteriously shadowy bein's the gen'leman was ferrin' to an' that it wa'n't no ways desirable to be mixed up in any kind of dealin's with 'em. There's them burros broke out of the corral again!" And Calkins left us on what seemed to me quite an imaginary alarm.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the old lady with the black mitts after drawing a long breath as Calkins departed. I echoed this somewhat indefinite sentiment. The Theosophist was serious and silent.

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### NEWS AND COMMENT.



**S**TAMP collectors are always interested in the money values represented on the stamps of various nations. To know what a mark or a franc is worth in American money is part of the education of a true philatelist. The director of the mint at Washington has just issued a circular giving the latest U. S. value of certain foreign coins from which we make the following extracts:

A gold peso of Cuba is worth just \$0.910, while the same coin for the Philippines is worth only \$.500. A Mexican silver dollar is valued at \$.458, and the pound of Great Britain at \$4.866½. The gold mark of Germany is worth \$.238 while the following coins are all valued at \$.193, namely, the franc of France, Belgium and Switzerland, the gold lira of Italy, the gold mark of Finland, the gold peseta of Spain, the gold drachma of Greece and the gold bolivar of Venezuela.

Have you seen the 20c King's head stamp of Canada?

Since our comment a few weeks ago on the proposed reduction of letter rates between this country and Europe, Mr. Payne, the projector of the plan, has passed away, and a new postmaster general has been appointed. Whether the change will effect the movement temporarily or for an indefinite period, it is too early to predict.

A new series of stamps, of novel design, has just been issued by Servia. The outline of the head of the present ruler and that of his grandfather are printed one over the other, giving an odd effect to the stamps which are otherwise quite beautiful.

The purchase by the U. S. of the strip of land bordering the Panama canal has brought into use a set of provisionals which are at present at a high premium. One dealer a few weeks ago advertised the set for \$2.50 and afterwards offered to buy back any set he had previously sold and to pay \$4.50 over his selling price. The 2c value is now said to be worth from \$8.00 to \$10.00, but unfortunately there are counterfeits on the market.

The great St. Louis fair will soon be finished and the commemorative set of stamps withdrawn, after the remainders have been

destroyed. The postal exhibit at the fair, however, will be sent to the far north and remain on exhibition in the forthcoming Lewis and Clark exposition. This exposition, the commemorative stamps, and the various displays of stamps by individuals at the fair, have done more to popularize the pursuit than any amount of newspaper or bill board advertising imaginable. A dealer not long ago expressed his surprise that the so-called "dull season," which usually takes place during the summer months, was scarcely noticeable at all, this year. The reason is due largely to the fair, no doubt, and to the attractive set of stamps which have been so popular among collectors of late.

It is almost time for the 1905 edition of the 10c Collector's Own Catalogue to appear. Every purchaser of the 1904 edition will want a copy of the new book. An attractive colored cover will be one of the new features. Late issues of stamps will be added and the book brought thoroughly up to date. It is safe to say that more copies of the 1904 edition were sold than of all other catalogues combined. It has been almost impossible for collectors to purchase a copy of the 1904 book for more than a month. Although nearly all of the large dealers sell it, their supply has been exhausted for some weeks, and the new edition has been ordered by almost all who handled last year's catalogue and many more besides. If your dealer does not keep it, order a copy now of the publishers, Messrs. A. Bullard & Co., who will mail you a copy as soon as the book is off the press. It is expected that the catalogue will be ready for shipment by the third week in November.

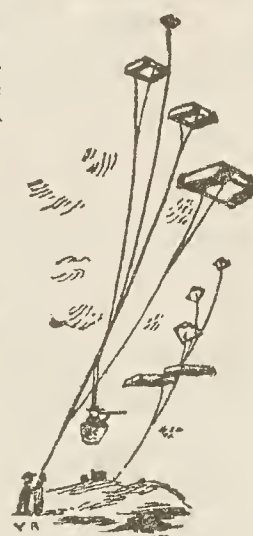
The same publishers announce a companion piece in the shape of a 10c album with spaces for over 1200 stamps. The book will be beautifully printed on good paper and durably bound. It will be supplied to the trade in wholesale lots or retailed at 10c per copy and it is expected that the sale of this album will be as great as that of the catalogue. The album will be ready when the catalogue is, if not sooner.

The price of U. S. envelopes continues to fluctuate. According to the proof sheets of the 1905 Standard catalogue values have been raised and lowered.

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## THE YOUTH'S REALM SCIENTIFIC CLUB

What Is  
Going on  
In the

World of  
Science &  
Invention

### New Company Will Furnish All Kinds of Tunes by Wire.

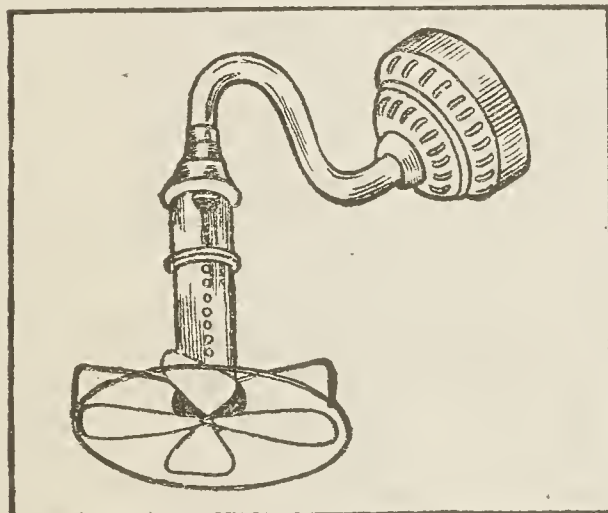
Edward Bellamy's dream in "Looking Backward" as to the period when any household can be flooded with music ranging from Wagner to ragtime is about to be realized. Leading capitalists of Baltimore are now incorporating in Massachusetts the Cahill Teleharmonic company, and it is promised that in two years New Yorkers can push a button and music will come by electricity.

Households can be filled with stirring music in the morning to arouse the occupants to begin their day's work or at night to lull them into peaceful slumbers. It is only a question of time, it is declared, when this service will be furnished commercially, just as gas, electric light, water and telephone service are now supplied. The invention is a machine for producing every primary vibration known to the human ear. These range from the minimum vibrations that can be heard sixteen a second to the maximum of 8,000 vibrations a second.

F. C. Todd, president of the company, says: "It is planned to have six classes of selections. All will be sent out over a pair of wires. The subscriber who gets this service will receive all the music. Another method will be to have six wires, so that subscribers to this may select just what they want to hear, and still another will serve theaters and halls, giving full orchestral effects. For public playgrounds, hospitals, factories, hotels, restaurants and homes the world's best music will be within the reach of all.

"It is contemplated even to have slumber music, so that the sufferer from insomnia may be lulled to sleep. It can be transmitted long distances, across the continent if desired. It may be sent to subscribers over telephone or incandescent circuits. One may unscrew an incandescent lamp, connect the translator and have the service without interfering with lights on the same bracket. The telephones may be used to ring up the exchange or the subscriber, but not to talk over when used for this service."

Every year brings out some new design in electric fans. What is probably the latest thing in this line is the



A CHEAP AIR AGITATOR.

little contrivance shown here. Compactness and economy are its chief recommendations.

The construction is very simple and the cost slight. The fan can be screwed directly into the socket of an ordinary bulb, consuming the same amount of current as a sixteen candle power lamp. The speed of the blades is said to be 1,600 revolutions a min-

Owing to the prevalence of pneumonia and the great mortality which attended its ravages the past winter and spring several boards of health in northern New Jersey have been taking measures against the disease. The health board of Little Washington has published a remedy which is said to be a sure cure for pneumonia, and other health boards are looking into the matter with a view of having the same thing published for the good of the general public. The infallible cure is:

Take six to ten onions, according to size, and chop fine. Put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. In the meanwhile stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to chest as hot as patient can bear. In about ten minutes change the poultice and thus continue by reheating the poultices, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger.

This simple remedy has never failed to cure this too often fatal malady. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue always until perspiration starts freely from the chest. This remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known, who never lost a patient by the disease and won his renown by simple remedies.

### Railroad Ties From Shoe Leather.

The latest form of railway tie is made of leather. The scrap leather from shoe shops is taken into a disintegrator, ground very fine, subjected to a refining process and molded. The tension of the molding machine can be so regulated that ties hard enough to take a spike or ties through which a spike cannot be driven can be produced. The three great essentials in a cross tie are apparently found in this leather sleeper, for it is guaranteed to hold a spike, the fish plate will not splinter in it and it will not rot. Sample ties which have already been down twenty-eight months fail to show the least wear.

A two wheeled automobile is something of a novelty, yet the wheel steering, single seated motorcycle practically comes under that head. The double frame follows the lines of the straight tube, drop frame bicycle. The engine is mounted vertically in front of the footboard between the double tubes of the frame, with drive to the rear wheel by a twisted rawhide belt. The cane body is mounted on a pair of light elliptical springs, providing a comfortable seat for the rider. The gasoline tank, battery and coil are located under the seat, with all connections carried below the leg space, which is left open to give easy access to the seat.

The motor is started by a crank, the belt being loosened by the movement of a hand lever at the right of the seat, which controls the movement of the jockey pulley. After the motor is started the belt is gradually tightened until the rear wheel begins to drive, when the rider mounts and manipulates the machine as easily as he would a small car.

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Order by No.	Agent's selling price	U. S. Revenues, continued	Order by No.	Agent's selling price
<b>UNITED STATES</b>				
4001	1851, 1c blue	4086 5c red, agreement	5205	Arg'tn '90, tel. used postally, 40 blue
4002	1857, 1c blue	4087 5c red, certificate	5206	Bahamas 1861, 4p rose, perf 11½
4003	1857, 30c orange	4088 5c red, proprietary	5207	Barbados 1874, 4p red, perf 12½
4004	1861-7, 12c black	4089 10c blue, bill of lading	5208	Bavaria 1867, 12k purple
4005	1862, 2c black	4090 10c blue, bill of lading, imperf.	5209	Belgium 1865, 1F violet
4006	1862, *5c brown	4091 10c blue, bill of lading, part perf.	5210	Belgium 1886, *2F violet
4007	1862, *15c black	4092 15c brown, foreign exchange	5211	Belgium postal packet '82, 50c red
4008	1862, 24c lilac	4093 15c brown, inland exch., part perf	5212	Belgium postal pkt '95, 50 red&blk
4009	1867, 1c blue, embossed	4094 15c brown, inland exch., imperf	5213	Bermuda 1865, 1S green
4010	1869, 1c buff	4095 25c red, bond, part perforated	5214	Bolivia 1894, *5c green
4011	1869, *2c brown	4096 25c red, certificate	5215	Bolivia 1894, *10c brown
4012	1869, 2c brown, used	4097 25c red, insurance	5216	Bremen 1855 *7gr yellow
4013	1869, 3c blue	4098 25c red, life insurance	5217	British Guiana, 1877, 2c official
4014	1870, 7c vermilion	4099 25c red, power of attorney	5218	British Guiana 1889, 1c green
4015	1870, 7c vermilion, embossed	4100 25c red, protest	5219	British Guiana 1889, 2c violet & orgc
4016	1873, *2c brown	4101 25c red, warehouse receipt, imprf.	5220	Brit. Honduras '65, 6p rose, men-
4017	1873, 12c violet	4102 30c lilac, foreign exchange		ded, but good
4018	1879, *5c blue	4103 50c blue, conveyance	5221	British Honduras 1872, 1p blue
4019	1879, 15c orange	4104 50c blue, entry of goods	5222	Bulgaria 1884, *5s on 30s
4020	1879, 30c black	4105 50c blue, life insurance	5223	Canada 1868, ½c black
4021	1879, 90c carmine	4106 50c blue, life insurance, imperf	5224	Canada 1868, 6c brown
4022	1882, 10c brown	4107 50c blue, mortgage	5225	Canada 1868, 12½c blue
4023	1883, 4c blue-green	4108 50c blue, mortgage, part perf	5226	Canada 1868-77, 15c
4024	1888, 4c carmine	4109 50c blue, mortgage, imperforated	5227	Canada 1869, 1c yellow
4025	1888, 30c brown	4110 50c blue, original process	5228	Canada 1875, 5c green (large)
4026	1890, 15c blue	4111 50c blue, original process, imperf	5229	Canada 1875, *15c gray
4027	1890, 90c orange	4112 50c blue, passage ticket	5230	Canada 1892, 20c vermilion
4028	1893 (Columbus issue) 3c green	4113 50c blue, probate of will, imperf	5231	Canada 1892, 50c blue, rare
4029	1893 (Columbus issue) 4c blue	4114 50c blue, prob. of will, part perf	5232	Canada 1897, *½c black
4030	1893 (Columbus issue) 5c chocolate	4115 50c blue, surety bond	5233	Canada Jubilee 1897, \$2.00 purple
4031	1893 (Columbus issue) 6c purple	4116 60c orange, inland exch., part perf	5234	Canada 1898, 5c blue
4032	1893 (Columbus issue) 8c magenta	4117 \$1 red, conveyance	5235	Canada 1903, 7c yellow
4033	1893 (Columbus issue) 10c slate	4118 \$1 red, entry of goods	5236	Cape Verde 1877, 40r blue
4034	1893 (Columbus issue) *50c slate	4119 \$1 red, foreign exchange	5237	Cent. Am. S. Ship Co., '86, *2c rose
4035	1894, \$1 black	4120 \$1 red, inland exchange	5238	Cent. Am. S. Ship Co., '86, *10c blue
4036	1895, 8c puce	4121 \$1 red, lease	5239	Cent. Am. S. Ship Co., '86, *50c bwn
4037	1895, 50c orange	4122 \$1 red, lease, imperforated	5240	Ceylon 1868, 3p rose
4038	1898, 6c brown	4123 \$1 red, life insurance	5241	Chile '80, 20c rev. postal cancellat'n
4039	Periodical, 1885, *1c black	4124 \$1 red, power of attorney	5242	China 1898, 1c orange
4040	Western Union Tel. 1899 *olive	4125 \$1 red, probate of will	5243	China 1898, 2c red
4041	Western Union Tel. 1900 *violet	4126 1.50 blue, inland exchange	5244	China (Amoy) '96, *½c duc, green
4042	Boyd's Dispatch, *1 pink	4127 2.00 red, conveyance	5245	China (Shanghai) '93, *1c bwn, wrap'r
4043	Hussey Local, 1863, *blue	4128 2.00 red, mortgage	5246	China (Shanghai) unpaid, 1893, *2c
4044	Hussey Local, 1863, *black	4129 2.00 red, probate of will		red & black
4045	"Postage Stamp Agency," brown & black. A very large stamp	4130 2.50 violet, inland exchange	5247	China (Wuhu) '96, *½c on 1c
4046	Due, 1879, 1c brown	4131 3.00 green, charter party	5248	Columbian Republic 1863, 10c blue
4047	Due, 1879, 30c brown	4132 3.00 green, manifest	5249	Columbian Republic 1892, *1c org
4048	Due, 1879, 50c brown	4133 3.50 blue, inland exchange	5250	Columbian Republic 1899, *1c red
4049	Due, 1891, 3c claret	4134 5.00 red, charter party	5251	Columbian Rep. 1902, *2c blk on rose
4050	Due, 1894, 10c claret	4135 5.00 red, conveyance	5252	Columbian Republic 1903, *4c blue
4051	Due, 1894, 50c claret	4136 5.00 red, conveyance, imperforated	5253	Columbian Republic 1903, *5c blue
4052	Justice, 3c purple	4137 5.00 red, mortgage	5254	Col. Rep. '02 "too late," *5c purple
4053	Navy, 6c blue, seconds	4138 5.00 red, probate of will	5255	Columbia, Antioquia, 1902, 3c green
4054	Navy, 12c blue	4139 10.00 green, charter party	5256	Columbia, Antioquia, 1902, *5c red
4055	Post Office, 30c black	4140 10.00 green, mortgage	5257	Columbia, Antioquia, 1904, *50c rose
4056	Post Office, Official Seal, *type-set	4141 10.00 green, mortgage, imperf'd	5258	Columbia, Barranquilla, 1c blue
4057	Post Office Envelope, 3c blk, amber		5259	Columbia, Barranquilla, *10c claret
4058	War, 12c rose		5260	Columbia, Barranquilla, *10c scarlet
4059	War, 30c rose		5261	Columbia, Bogota *½c black
4060	War Envelope, *3c red on blue		5262	Columbia, Boyaca, 1904, *10c orge
4061	War Envelope, 3c red on blue		5263	Columbia, Tolima, '04, *4c blk on grn
<b>U. S. Envelopes (cut square)</b>			5264	Columbia, Tolima, '04, *50 blk on buf
4062	1853, 10c green on buff		5265	Confederate States, '63, *10c blue
4063	1861, 3c pink		5266	Costa Rica 1863, *½c blue
4064	1861, 10c green		5267	Costa Rica 1889, 5c orange
4065	1863, 2c black on buff		5268	Costa Rica 1889, 10c red-brown
4066	1864, 2c black on buff		5269	Costa Rica 1889, *20c green
4067	1864, 2c black on orange, 26mm wide entire envelope		5270	Costa Rica 1892, 1c green
4068	1870, *6c red		5271	Costa Rica 1892, *2c yellow
4069	1870, *15c orange		5272	Costa Rica 1892, 5c violet
4070	1874, 1c blue on orange		5273	Costa Rica 1892, 10c green
4071	1874, 3c green on white		5274	Costa Rica 1892, 20c red
4072	1874, 3c green on amber		5275	Cuba 1855, ½r greenish
4073	1875, 1c blue on fawn		5276	Cuba 1855, 1r green
4074	1875, 6c red on fawn		5277	Cuba 1857, 2r red
4075	1876, Centennial issue, 3c red		5278	Cuba 1874, *25c blue
4076	1874, Wrapper, *2c brown		5279	Cuba 1875, *25c blue
<b>U. S. Revenues, first issue</b>			5280	Cuba 1875, *50c green
4077	1c red, playing card		5281	Cuba 1876, *1p black
4078	2c blue, bank check		5282	Cuba 1877, *25c green
4079	2c blue, bank check, imperforated		5283	Cuba 1877, *50c black
4080	2c orange, bank ch'k, imperf, rare		5284	Cuba 1878, *5c blue
4081	2c blue, certificate		5285	Cuba 1878, *25c green
4082	2c orange, int. rev., double perf.		5286	Cuba 1878, *50c green
4083	2c orange, proprietary		5287	Cuba 1879, *25c blue
4084	3c green, playing cards		5288	Cuba 1879, *50c gray
4085	3c green, telegraph, imperforated		5289	Cuba 1879, *1P olive
			5290	Cuba 1880, *5c green
			5291	Cuba 1880, *25c blue
			5292	Cuba 1880, *50c brown
			5293	Cuba 1881, *5c blue
			5294	Cuba 1882, 50 blue
			5295	Cuba 1891, *5c green
			5296	Cuba 1891, 10c claret
			5297	Cuba 1894, *1m rose
			5298	Cuba 1894, *3m rose
			5299	Cuba 1896, *½m green
			5300	Cuba 1896, 1c violet
			5301	Cuba 1899, 1c green
			5302	Cuba 1899, 2c red
			5303	Danube Steam Nav. 10s lilac
			5304	Dominica '74, 1p violet, perf 12½
			5305	Dominica '74, 6p green, perf 12½
			5306	Dominica '79, *½p bistrc, CC
			5307	Domin. Repub. '02, *10c org&blk
			5308	Domin. Repub. '02, *12c prpl&blk
			5309	Dutch Indies 1899, 10c on 10c
			5310	Ecuador 1881, 5c blue
			5311	Ecuador 1893, telegraph used for postage, 5c yellow—a bargain
			5313	Ecuador 1893, tel., 20c red
			5314	Egypt, 1892, 10pia, purple
			5315	Egypt official, 1892, brown
			5316	Finland 1889, 10p red
			5317	Finland 1895, 5p green
			5318	France, postg due, '71, *60c yellw
			5319	France, postg due, '94, 15c green
			5320	France, postg due, '94, 30c red
			5321	Gambia 1869, 6p blue, imperforatd
			5322	Germany 1875, *20 pf blue
			5323	Germany 1880, *50 pf
			5324	Germany 1900 30c orge & blk
			5325	Germany 1900, 50c purple & blk
			5326	Germany 1900, 80c lake&blk
			5327	Germany 1900, 1M rose
			5328	Germany, Thurn & Taxis, 30k org
			5329	Gibraltar 1886, *½p green
			5330	Greece 1889, 10 l yellow, imperf'd
			5331	Greece 1889, 25 l error
			5332	Greece 1889, 25 l lilac, imperfor'd
			5333	Greece 1891, 1 l brown
			5334	Greece 1896, Olympic games, 5 l lile
			5335	Gt. Britain 1847, 1S grn, cut square
			5336	Gt. Britain 1862, 9p bist
			5337	Gt. Britain 1867, 3p rose
			5338	Gt. Britain 1867, 9p bistre
			5339	Gt. Britain 1867, 10p brown
			5340	Gt. Britain 1867, 5S rose
			5341	Gt. Britain 1872, *1S green
			5342	Gt. Britain 1876, *2½p claret
			5343	Gt. Britain 1876, 2½p claret
			5344	Gt. Britain 1881, 1p red brown
			5345	Gt. Britain 1881, 2½p blue
			5346	Gt. Britain 1883, 2½p lilac
			5347	Gt. Britain 1883, 5S red
			5348	Gt. Britain 1883, 10S blue
			5349	Gt. Britain, I R. Official, '82, 1p lilac
			5350	Guadeloupe 1892, *1c lilac
			5351	Guatemala 1887, 1c blue
			5352	Guatemala 1887, 2c brown
			5353	Guatemala 1887, 5c purple
			5354	Guatemala 1897, Jubilee, 6c orge
			5355	Guatemala 1900, 1c green
			5356	Guatemala 1902, *1c green & purple
			5357	Guatemala 1902, *2c red & black
			6375	Hamburg 1859-64, *1¼s lilac, impf
			6376	Hamburg 1859-64, 2½s green, impf
			6377	Hamburg, 1859, 2½s green, used
			6378	Hamburg, 1861-5, *1¼s lilac, perf
			6379	Hamburg, 1861-5, *1¼s stone, perf
			6380	Hamburg, '61-5, *2½s light grn, perf
			6381	Hamburg, '61-5, *2½s dark grn, perf
			6382	Hamburg envelope, *½s black
			6383	Hamburg envelope, *1¼s purple
			6384	Hamburg envelope, *1¼s rose
			6385	Hamburg envelope, *2s orange
			6386	Hamburg envelope, *3s blue
			6387	Hamburg envelope, *4s light green
			6388	Hamburg envelope, *7s rose
			6389	Hanover 1859, 3p green
			6390	Hanover, envelope, 1858, *½g
			6391	Hawaii 1869, 2c red, "Reprint"
			6392	Hawaii 1874, *1c purple
			6393	Hawaii 1874, 2c vermilion
			6394	Hawaii 1874, 5c blue
			6395	Hawaii, 1874, 6c green
			6396	Hayti 1899, 2c lake
			6397	Heligoland 1875, *1pf red & green
			6398	Honduras 1878, *2c brown
			6399	Honduras 1878, *1P yellow
			6400	Honduras '92, *2c blue
			6401	Honduras 1895, 5c slate
			6402	Honduras env. '90, *5 ble on wht, now 2
			6403	Honduras env. '90, *10 orge on white
			6404	Honduras env. '90, *25 rose on white
			6405	Honduras env. '90, *5c blue on blue